

Vol. XIX

December 18, 1926

No. 5

"Grumpy" Classic Production

Ever anxious to give to the public the best that they have, the members of the Columbian Literary Society put forth a classic production in the lineup of "Grumpy" on Thanksgiving Eve. Persons of enviable experience in scenic art assured the Rev. Director of the C. L. S. that the efforts shown by the Columbians, in this, their latest success, compare favorably with similar plays staged in New York. Such praise, as the comparing of their efforts with that of professionals, is no small assurance of success. They have every reason to feel justly proud that they have not only upheld the standard of former years, but that they have, in this wonderful production of "Grumpy," raised the standard of the C. L. S. for future years. Like the great Columbus, who planted the standard for a new and greater world, the Columbians have raised the standard for a new and greater epoch of C. L. S. activity.

(Continued on Page 8.)

Three Day Retreat Very Successful

The annual spiritual retreat opened on the evening of November 29. The Rev. Vitus Schuette, who conducted the exercises, is quite an eloquent speaker; hence all of his sermons, both interesting and instructive in character, were thoroughly appreciated.

Five meditations were given daily during the three days of the retreat. The usual morning and evening prayers were recited at stated times between the meditations. By this arrangement time was well filled out to the effect that the students found it easy to maintain the required silence, and also to keep the spirit of the retreat constantly in mind.

The attitude of the students towards the retreat was in every way commendable. Naturally the first

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To its readers
The Cheer
extends
Joyful
Greetings
of the Season

"The Scout Master" Pleases Audience

That the Newmanites are Columbians in the making was stressed by Michael Walz in his "Introductory Address" on the occasion of the first public program of the Newman Club. It was evident from the quality of the evening's entertainment that these junior actors promised, not only to uphold the standard of the Newman Club, but also to maintain, when time shall grant them an opportunity to do so, the reputation attained by the Columbians. Following the "Introductory Address," Thomas Corcoran, President of the Newman Club, delivered an informative oration, entitled "Newman and Reunion." To relate any portion of Mr. Corcoran's speech would mean to throw light upon the life or activities of this great writer and scholar. In "The Scout Master," by Walter Ben Hare, an opportunity was given to quite a few members of the Newman Club to demonstrate their histrionic abilities. How well they succeeded in doing this can best be deduced from the words of approval and praise which were uttered by the audience, no less than by the numerous laughs evoked by the actors.

Although the acting of every participant was a success, the portrayal of the 'old timer,' Issacher Trip, by Edward Burns, deserves special mention. Several enjoyable and novel selections were furnished by the band which showed a marked

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C. L. S. Christmas Program Dec. 22

Realizing that variety is the spice of life, the Columbians in their Christmas program, will appear in four interesting episodes that bear comparison with the acts in a drama. While they lack the intense and touching scenes of "Grumpy," these episodes, it is hoped, will furnish a few hours of mirth and hearty laughter.

Judging from its name, we might conclude that the first episode on this program is a dark one, for it is entitled, "AND THE LAMP WENT OUT." The characters, however, are white, and with the exception of the Reader, Cornelius Heringhaus, they will exhibit the power and dramatic significance of pantomime. Caspar Heiman, the speechless hero, appears as Ralph Grayson. Ralph's herone, Edward Chareck, depicts Evelyn DeVere. Evelyn's mother, Mrs. DeVere, appears in the person

(Continued on Page 11)

Twenty Make Temporary Profession

December the third had come at last. Long-awaited, eagerly expected but slow in arriving was this feast of St. Francis Xavier. It was then that twenty students, practically all the community students of the Fifth Year, made their Temporary Promise to the Community of the Most Precious Blood. Brother Cletus also made his Perpetual Promise, and ten of the newcomers received their cassock and Roman collar.

The ceremony opened with a Solemn High Mass celebrated by the Very Reverend Ignatius Wagner, Provincial, C. PP. S., assisted by Father Albin Scheidler and Father Bernard Condon. Father Aloysius Dirksen acted as Master of Ceremonies. During the Mass the students, together with others who were merely to receive the cassock, received Holy Communion.

After Mass the students proceed-

(Continued on Page 4)

JIMMY DOYLE'S CHRISTMAS

M. KENNEY '27

Jimmy Doyle was an ecclesiastical student and had just completed the studies prescribed for fourth theology by the American College in Rome. He had completed his dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Divinity on "Grace", and had submitted it to the faculty. His work for the holy priesthood was finished and he was patiently awaiting his call to ordination.

It was in the latter part of November when one might have seen Jimmy in his room at the seminary engaged in writing a letter to his mother in far off America. "What shall I tell her?" he pondered. "I am hoping for ordination before Christmas, but there is no use in exciting her in case I am disappointed." While he mused someone knocked at the door. "Come in," Jim called, and at once Bill Reynolds, who acted as Secretary to the Rector, advanced into the room and stated that the Rector desired to see him at once. "Tell him I will be right down," Jim replied.

Hastily putting his writing materials into his desk Jimmy donned mantilla and berretta, and descended to the first floor where the Rector's office was located. In response to his knock a hearty voice called out: "Come in!" Jimmy now found himself in the presence of his superior. "Good evening, Father," he said.

"Good evening, James," Father Maurer answered and continued, "I have some excellent news for you, please be seated." Jimmy sat down and his heart began to pound with excitement. "What could the news be?" he thought, "certainly it couldn't be the fulfillment of my long desired wish."

"Well, James," Father Maurer said, "I have here a letter from your Right Reverend Bishop. He is very short of priests, and has called you and Thomas Fitzgerald for ordination. As he particularly needs you at once, he has requested that you be ordained in Rome, so prepare for your ordination which will be on December 8th. Congratulations, James, and I also wish to state that the degree of Doctor of Divinity will likewise be conferred on you as your treatise on "Grace" was well written and merited an excellent grade."

"Thank you, Father," Jimmy replied, his eyes filling with tears of joy, and taking his berretta from the table he left his good Rector's presence and

repaired at once to the chapel to thank God for the great graces about to be bestowed on him. Next he despatched a cablegram to his mother advising her of the joyful tidings. "To think," he said, "I will be home for Christmas as a priest of God."

The next few days were busy ones, and at length the day of days dawned. Jimmy was up early and it was with difficulty that he restrained his feelings. He had on a new black cassock and berretta, and he looked immaculate in his uniform of Christ. Promptly at seven o'clock the students of the seminary marched over in a body to the Church of St. John Lateran, where Cardinal Merry del Val was to confer the sacrament of Holy Orders.

At eight o'clock the sacred ceremonies began. A class of twenty from neighboring seminaries were to be elevated that morning to the dignity of the priesthood. The solemn Pontifical Mass began and continued until the Epistle when sub-deaconship and deaconship were conferred. Then the Gospel was chanted and the final seal of Holy Orders, the priesthood, was received by the ardent, young Levites. Jimmy's eyes glistened; "if Mother could only be here," he thought, "my happiness would be complete." At length the service ended and Father Jimmy returned to the seminary to receive the congratulations of the Faculty and students.

This was on Wednesday, and Friday finds the young priest on the S. S. President Roosevelt enroute home, after an absence of six years from his native land. After an interim of two weeks, with tears in his eyes, he saw the statue of Liberty, that glorious emblem of freedom, guarding the portals of New York. Disembarking he hurried to the wharf and scanned the multitude of faces for someone to meet him, but in vain, for his dear old mother could not afford the trip to New York.

He hailed a passing taxi and was whisked away to the Union Station where he took a train for his home town, Adrian, Michigan.

It was Christmas Eve, the snow was falling lightly as if nature realized the solemnity of the occasion and was re-enacting the panorama of "Christ's Nativity." Up Toledo Street a figure could be seen advancing hastily with a grip in hand. It

was Father Jimmy, just two blocks away from his boyhood home. At last he picked out the house and with feverish haste bounded up the stairs and burst into the living room. "Jimmy," his mother cried, and mother and son embraced for the first time in six years.

"Jimmy," another voice cried, and turning he perceived his sister, Sister M. Gertrude, who had come home from her convent for the happy event.

Both demanded his blessing and as they knelt the young priest raised his hands over them and softly pronounced the sacred words: "Benedic at vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus."

"We must hurry, Jimmy, as Father Ryan desires you to sing the solemn midnight Mass," his mother rejoined. The telephone rang, and Sister Gertrude answered it. The voice which she heard was Father Ryan's. "Did Jimmy come?" he asked. "Yes, Father," she replied. "Tell him to be in the sacristy at 11:30 p. m.," he said and hung up.

The scene shifts to St. Mary's Catholic church. It was the hour of midnight, and outside the snow was still falling lightly. Within was actually to be re-enacted Christ's Nativity. The bells tolled out the hour of midnight, and at once the violinist in the choir loft began playing "Silent Night, Holy Night." The Master of Ceremonies gave the sign and the servers started to file out of the sacristy. At last came the clergy. Father O'Connor, the assistant came first as Sub-Deacon, followed by Father Ryan as Deacon. "Who has the Mass?" everybody queried. Then came the celebrant in vestments of gold, their own Jimmy Doyle, a son of the parish. When Jimmy intoned the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," everyone in the Church rejoiced because of a first Holy Mass celebrated by a newly ordained priest, an event totally unexpected, and because of the great feast of Christmas

James Conroy—"What's the difference between Capital and Labor?"

Hiram Schnurr—"It's this way. You lend me ten dollars. That's the Capital."

J. C.—"Yes."

H. S.—"You try to get it back. That's Labor."

D. From Near A
 M. *ITEMS OF INTEREST* M.
 U. From Afar D.
 The Dwenger Mission Unit U.

Dayton Convention —An Impression

Five months separate us from the Fifth National Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. Practically a half of a year divides us from an event, the effect of which, it is hoped, will extend over years to come, or will last at least until another gathering of this kind will take place. While the business done by the convention may soon be forgotten; while future conventions may undo or change the work over which the delegates debated for three hot days; while the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade may itself even fall asunder, yet the embers of the zeal which that convention kindled will ever smolder in the hearts of the eight hundred participants in that convention, and that, too, from the sixty-three delegates who chartered special coaches to come from Brooklyn down to the solitary Mexican delegate from Texas.

Previous to the convention, serious thinkers on the problems of the Crusade debated the question whether or not the Crusade is losing ground, since the initial fervor which had stormed Catholic America with the crusade idea was cooling. But the convention re-assured them that a grand enthusiasm is still active in the hearts of the student Crusaders, and that they dare not suffer the Crusade to perish. It cannot be denied that since the Notre Dame Convention and its zealous Junior Unit Contest, much of the youthful enthusiasm that marked the beginning of the Crusade is disappearing. But this fact is to be expected. The Crusade is now taking on a more stable form; its first mushroom-like sprouting is giving way to a more gradual, a stronger growth. Bishop Beckman, the chairman of the Crusade Executive Board, emphasized this idea in his address, and the general air of the convention confirmed his statement.

We should not be alarmed, therefore, that enthusiasm is apparently dying out; that the work of the Crusade cannot hold the Units together.

NOTES ON MISSION MEETING.

Unbounded enthusiasm, such as characterized the Crusade in its first years, reigned in the last meeting of the D. M. U., held Sunday, November 21. A large attendance and the admittance of four new members proved that the Unit is gradually overcoming the unfavorable attitude with which it is regarded by a fraction of the student body. Among the business disposed of during the meeting was a motion to renew the collecting of stamps and tinfoil. This work has been somewhat neglected of late. Joseph Hartmann, Edward Burns, and Stephen Tatar were appointed to collect these cancelled stamps and tinfoil in their respective study halls. Plans were made to hold a mission movie sometime this month, pending the permission of the Reverend Faculty. Another motion was made and carried to get up a Christmas box for one of the Indian missions. Fred Westendorf, William Neidert, Joseph Schill, and Mark Kelly were delegated to take care of this work. The Peptomist Committee urges the entire student body to aid in the filling of this box and also in the saving of stamps and tinfoil. Particulars may be had from anyone of the members appointed for these two tasks. Finally, active measures were taken to encourage and facilitate the practice of daily prayer for the missions. Handy leaflets, giving a brief prayer for each day of the week, will be distributed among the members. After Thomas Grotenrath received his appointment as the Unit's marshal, the motion for adjournment was made and carried. It is the firm hope of the Peptomist Committee that this meeting is merely a foretaste of many still more enthusiastic meetings, which the D. M. U. will hold in the course of this year.

It is now, when the Crusade has entered upon the even tenor of its existence, that our best work can be done. We shall regard the problems confronting the missions with staid common sense, rather than with blind enthusiasm. And when

Chinese Mis- sion Society

St. Columbans, Nebraska,
October 22, 1926

C. S. M. C. Unit,
Collegeville, Ind.
My dear Crusaders,

Your letter written by your president on October 18th, inclosing your very generous gift of \$5.00 for our Mission, reached St. Columbans in due course. Thank you very much indeed for this thoughtful charity, which, I assure you, is most welcome and timely.

As you mentioned in your letter, poor Han Yang is faced with a terrible winter on account of the war, the famine, and the floods, and our missionaries will have all they can do to cope with the general distress among their people.

Your offering is by no means a small one, for \$5.00 in China is worth ten times as much as it would be in America. Moreover, we do not value our gifts by the mere face value of the dollar, but by the charity and prayers that accompany them. And with the prayers that you have sent us with your gift our missionaries will do a great deal to your credit this winter. You will read further accounts of the distress in our November issue, and I trust that you will remember Han Yang constantly in your prayers.

When I wrote to you, my dear Crusaders, it was far from my intention to expect any monetary response. We are more than pleased to send you the FAR EAST. In it we, month by month, endeavor to give a faithful picture of the life and work of your fellow Crusaders in China, thus enabling you, so to speak, to keep in personal touch with them. In return for the FAR EAST, which will be mailed to St. Joseph's from now on, all we ask is a remembrance in your prayers, a memento on our behalf before the Tabernacle.

Yours very sincerely in Christ,
E. J. McCARTHY,
Superior.

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CHRISTMAS.

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

Christmas! Glory in Heaven! Peace on earth! A more beautiful, a more sublime thought cannot enter the mind of man. This angelic cameo, that sounded over the plains of Gallilee nearly two thousand years ago, has echoed jubilantly throughout the ages, and today sweeter than ever resound far and near the glad tidings of glory in Heaven and on earth—PEACE. Forsooth, not another word in the world's vocabulary carries with it a more soothing calm, a more friendly assurance than does the word, peace. The human heart craves for peace and rests not a moment until it hovers safe beneath the mantle of benevolent good-will. This peaceful good-wishing, first chanted over the manger of our Infant King, made the Christmas of Bethlehem sweet, joyous, and inviting; in our own day this selfsame angelic peace makes Christmas a season of well-wishing, a season of whole-souled good-will among men, a season that, in all truth, rejoices the Heart of Heaven and soothes the cares of earth.

—W. N., '27.

VACATION

Primarily vacation is an interval allowed for relaxation. No one, or at any rate very few will maintain that vacations are useless and that they should be regarded as necessary evils. Relaxation is admitted to be more and more necessary as time goes on. If any one class of persons needs relaxation it certainly is that class of people which indulges in hard mental labor. Notwithstanding

the fact that this class does not include all of the students of St. Joe, the undeserving as well as the deserving of them are granted several weeks in which to relax, in order that they may again undertake their labors better prepared. Unless this result is obtained, the primary object of vacation is defeated and the vacation can be said to be a failure. If, however, to use the succinct expression of the Reverend Retreat Master, they "relax right," they may feel firmly convinced that they will receive the due amount of benefit from their vacation.

SINCEREST SYMPATHY

It was with sentiments of the deepest sorrow and sympathy that we heard of the untimely death of Carl Gates' father and brother. They were the unfortunate victims of the mine catastrophe at Princeton, Indiana. The prayers of the student body will be offered up for the deceased, likewise a spiritual bouquet by the members of the college department will be given as a memorial.

The families of both the deceased may rest assured of our sincerest sympathy in this time of trial and affliction.

R. I. P.

A Pastel

It was that season of the year when all nature is replete with glory. Having already put on her autumnal robe of brilliant hues, only to be robbed of it again by the wintry blasts, Mother Nature revealed the glory of the Creator to the fullest extent. Shocks of corn, like pup-tents, dotted the fields, between the rows of which the yellow-bellied pumpkins basked in the sunshine. Rows of sugar cane, already beheaded and robbed of their foliage, stood swaying in the gentle breeze, awaiting the reaper's knife. Whole legions of little wood-rodents were busily skirmishing about the woods in search of storage accommodations for their winter fare. Woodpeckers of all sorts, as if informed of the seven years' famine of old, made use of the loose bark of trees to store their share of the abundant harvest. The feathered colonies, soon to leave for a warmer clime, were holding their farewell banquets amid the plentiful grain at their disposal. The great horned

owl, that destroyer of peace among the little creatures, perched on the topmost branch of an old elm, already saw in his mind how, sooner or later, many of these hustlers beneath him would fall a prey to his gluttonous claws. Whole legions of crows were winging their melancholy flight over the mighty oaks in search of their putrifled delicacies. A silvery network of spiderwebs, stretching all over the country, finding lodging in the trees as well as on the ground, imitated the chameleon every time the rays of the sun would strike the threads at different angles. Herds of lowing cattle, aware of the fact that the last rays of the setting sun were fast losing themselves among the amber clouds on the western horizon, were busily cropping the last coat of grass on their homeward journey, not to return until the violets would again greet them in the balmy days of spring.

—A. Frericks, '28.

TWENTY MAKE PROFESSION. DECEMBER THIRD.

(Continued from Page One.)

ed to make their 'Promise,' after which they were invested with the cingulum. Then the others received their cassock and Roman collar. The ceremony closed with the singing of "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name."

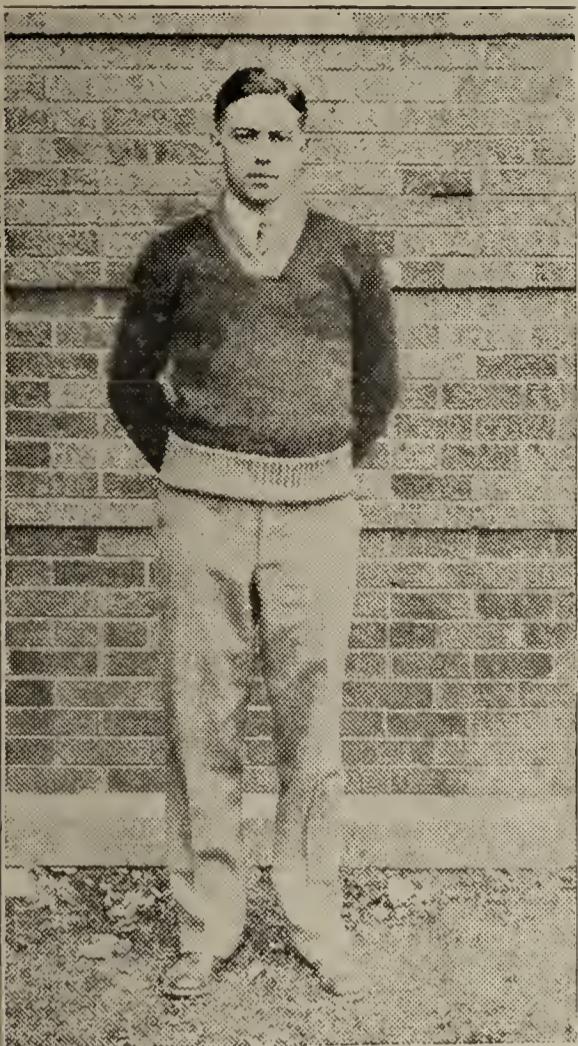
Those who made their 'Temporary Promise' are: William Neuhaus, Albert Frericks, Virgil Metzger, Julius Frenzer, Leonard Connor, Caspar Heiman, Stanislaus Kasper, Urban Siegrist, Harold Diller, Seraphim Widman, Joseph Reitz, Roman Lochotzki, Edward Siegman, Jerome Wolf, Edward Charek, Emil Meyer, Carl Longanbach, Carl Gates, William Meyer, Thomas Grotenthaler.

The following received the cassock: Merlin Kennedy, Thomas Corcoran, Carlos Daele, Carl Wuest, George Pankan, Ralph Boker, Adam Frankovich, Leonard Storch, Leonard Elwell, Ambrose Freund.

Carissime Santa Claus,

Please vouchsafe to bestow on me a pleonastic supply of athletic aptitude so that I may flamboyantly, obtrusively, and ostentatiously display it before Peaches Friemoth, so that he will condescend not to identify my name with more no-star aggregations.

Unaffectedly yours,
JOHN BRENNER.

**CORNELIUS (SID) HERINGHAUS.**

General Manager! This is Sid's appellation in the athletic world at St. Joe. It was due to Sid's untiring efforts that the students enjoyed so successful a football season as the one just passed. Scarcely had Sid, on his return in September, parked his suitcase, hat, and coat in the Senior locker room before he was already on the run towards the gym and the A. A. store, and ever since he has kept things humming to a fare-thee-well. By the beginning of October the Senior League was well on the way to enjoy one of its most successful seasons. Not content with managing the entire league, Sid also coached the Fourths to the championship of the circuit. And when the last game of the season was over, Sid having kicked off his cleats, donned the well known gym shoes and immediately instituted the first steps to organize the Senior Basketball League, so that now already the hardwood artists are busy struggling with one another for the top position. On the part of the students, Sid, accept sincerest thanks in return for your efforts. May success ever crown your labors!

Wm. Coleman—"Why does a black cow eat green grass and give white milk to make yellow butter?"

Anderson—"For the same reason that blackberries are red when they're green."

Music Course Lures Many Students

Charles Magsam, '28.

Scarcely had the students become settled in the daily curriculum of scholastic life when the announcement was made that all students who wished to take a musical course this year should report to the music department. Much to the delight of the music professor, a large number of eager pupils of "the universal language of mankind" presented themselves—all anxious to begin the task whole heartedly of acquiring proficiency on their respective instruments. An exceptionally large number of students have taken up music on one or the other instrument this year and all are practicing steadily and earnestly. Many are obliged to study during free time and to give up other spare time in order to continue their musical course; but, either from such conscious or subconscious motives as the cultural, the self-satisfying, or even the commercial value of music, the students quite gladly make the sacrifice. As Milton says in his Arcades, "Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie."

The music department is daily filled to overflowing with students who are practicing hard to acquire expertness in the technique of their instruments. The multitude of notes which issue from the various rooms each day, is so sonorous and persistent that the very atmosphere seems filled with music. The consistent and steady effort with which the musical students work, brings to mind the gathering of honey by the bees, who instinctively realize that not now, but only after a period of hard work, will they be able to enjoy the fruits of their labor. The band and orchestra have been working steadily and earnestly during the past quarter, and by their excellent rendition on diverse occasions have merited the deep appreciation and gratitude of both the faculty and the student body.

The "Quodlibet," after a year's absence, has been revived and, as Professor Tonner predicts, will be bigger and better than ever. The "Quodlibet" is devoted to all classes of music, vocal as well as instrumental. The paper will contain instructive and entertaining articles on music which will greatly aid all musical students in their work. It is hoped that all will show their

**WILLIAM (GIB) GIBBONS.**

He's the man! Who's the man? He's the Junior Man-a-ger! Pictured above, gentle reader thou dost behold no less a personage than William Gibbons (himself), erstwhile guide of the destiny of the Junior Football League. To Gib was appointed the duty to nurse the infant league through its initial season to a successful close. The Junior League was something new. New suits had been purchased for the younger scrappers; all that was lacking was the final organization of the players into teams. Gib was given this job and how well he succeeded in piloting the new loop through its first tumultuous year is best shown in the official records. Suffice it to state that the Junior League is now a permanent fixture at St. Joe; for under Gib's capable leadership the circuit created a tremendous amount of spirit and enthusiasm. All of which speaks very well of Gib's ability as a manager. Good luck to you, Gib, may the future be as successful as the past.

appreciation and interest by subscribing and boosting the paper, so that not only the "Quodlibet," but everything pertaining to music will this year, under the leadership of Professor Paul Tonner, be a grand success, quite like it has been in all past years under his direction.

HITTING THE NET

WITH ISSY

SIXTHS 17—SECONDS 10

After trailing for three quarters, the Sixths forged ahead in the last four minutes of play, securing nine points to win, 17-10, from the fighting Seconds. As a tightly contested and doggedly fought contest, this game was a fit "opener" for the Senior League. During the entire first period neither side scored a point. A completely new string of players, moreover, failed to aid the Sixths, who left the floor at the half, with the Seconds ahead, 5-4. The third quarter saw the Seconds only increase their lead, so that the score stood 14-8, at the start of the last period. The grads finally did show some semblance of form, passing the ball around their lighter opponents for four baskets which, coupled with a foul, made the count 17-10 in their favor when the final whistle blew. The two centers were high point men on their respective teams, both Neidert and Kienly scoring five points apiece. Galliger, Sixths' Captain, was next with two ringers to his credit. The Seconds' entire team fought hard, in particular, Cardinali, who at running guard, played a fine floor game, but the Seconds could not stave off defeat in these last minutes.

Sixths	Seconds
2 Friemoth F.....	Fries
2 Gerlach	
2 Hans F.....	Tatar 2
4 Galliger (C)	
Foltz C.....	Kienly 5
5 Neidert	
Zanolar G....(C)	Cardinali 3
2 Uecker	
Fecher G.....	Martin
Issenmann	Halfman

THIRDS BEST FIFTHS, 24-15.

While Otto and Billinger were consistently hitting the net for basket after basket, the rest of the Thirds' quintet held the Fifths in check, and, consequently, emerged victorious by the count of 24-15. The Thirds jumped into the lead in the first quarter and, although the Fifths valiantly tried to pass their opponents, these maintained the lead throughout the contest. During the first half the winners made seventeen points, of which Billinger and Otto alone accounted for fifteen, while for the Fifths, Wolf, Meyer, and Hartmann chalked up three

STANDING OF SENIOR LEAGUE			
	W.	L.	Pet.
Sixths	3	0	1000
Thirds	3	0	1000
Fifths	2	2	.500
Fourths	0	3	.000
Seconds	0	3	.000

BASKETBALL

Basketball is no longer beginning its season at St. Joe, for the game already has become the leading sport. By this time, one round of the Senior League has been almost completed. The other circuits will get under way immediately after the holidays and then, for two months, the hardwood game will reign supreme. Now all interest is centered about the five teams in the Senior circuit where the pennant race is very close. The Sixths, last season's champs, are captained this year by Patsy Galliger, managed by Bill Neidert, and coached by Clarence Issenmann. Bill Meyer tutors the other team of the College department, namely, the Fifths, with Cy Lauer as manager. Tom Corcoran is managing the Fourths who are led into action by Captain Joe Schill. The Thirds are under the care of Heinie Grot, at the manager's post, and Sal Dreiling, Captain; while, last, but not least, Kienly as manager, and Fritz Cardinali, as captain, are priming the Seconds for the flag chase.

baskets and a foul for seven points. The latter half, however, was evenly fought with the Fifths having, by a slight shade, the better of the play, outscoring their opponents by a single point. Billinger was the big gun for the Thirds, for the tall center made no less than eleven of his team's twenty-four points, while Bill Meyer led the Fifths with two baskets and a foul.

Thirds	Fifths
7 Otto F.....	Wolf 4
1 Weiner	Druffel 1
3 Dreiling M. (C) F.....	L. Connor 2
11 Billinger W.....C.....	W. Meyer 5
	Shenk
2 Weigel G.....	Hartmann 3
	Heringhaus
Grot G....(C)	Lauer

OVERTIME GAME GOES TO SIXTHS, 21-20.

For the second time in as many

games the Sixths staged a fourth quarter rally to turn defeat into victory. This time, however, an overtime period was necessary to decide the winner. The game began disastrously for the Sixths, and the quarter ended 11-2 in favor of the Fourths, who completely outclassed their opponents in the opening period. The Fourths again held the edge in the second quarter, adding three more points to their total, while Galliger dropped in a basket for the Sixths, thereby making the score 14-4 at the half. As the first two quarters belonged entirely to the Fourths, so the second half was altogether in favor of the Sixths. Even so, the third quarter saw the Sixths still trailing, 16-10. The last period, however, was a hectic affair, with both teams striving for supremacy. First one side, then the other would score, but the Sixths made their points oftener and when time was completed the two teams were in a deadlock, 18-18. As the overtime period began, Booms brightened the hopes of the Fourths' followers by looping a pretty ringer. This two point lead, however, was soon wiped out, when Issenmann with a foul and a basket placed the Sixths in advance by one point, which spelled victory. Schill and Booms, each scoring six points, and Barge, who, besides playing a fine floor game, added two baskets, were the stars for the losers, while Issenmann practically won this game single handed for the Sixths. This game witnessed Westendorf's return to the Sixths' line-up and his appearance and playing meant much to his team.

Sixths	Fourths
Friemoth F.....	Corcoran 3
Hans	Henrich
11 Issenmann	
2 Gerlach F.....	Abela
6 Galliger (C).....	Booms 6
Foltz C....(C)	Schill 6
2 Neidert	Moebs 1
Zanolar G.....	Barge 4
Uecker	
Fecher G.....	Modrijan
Westendorf	Walz

Now I sit me down to cram,
I pray I'll pass this darn exam
But if I fail to get this junk,
I pray the Lord I do not flunk.

—The H. C. C. Journal.

How I Captured a Wild Mustang

The horse in this particular case came to be known as Silvermane. He was the leader of a band of wild horses. His domain was near Cheyenne, Wyoming. His shrill neigh was enough to move his sixty or more followers anywhere he desired them to go. He had made several raids onto the neighboring ranches, and had lured so many horses away that the ranchers came together and passed the sentence of death on Silvermane and his band.

The extermination was to start on the following Tuesday. In the meantime the cattlemen cleaned and oiled their guns for the big drive. Tuesday morning, bright and early, the ranchers started out. On the way past my ranch the hunters picked me up. As I had lost several prized horses I did not hesitate to join them. After riding about ten miles we came in view of the horses. There Silvermane was standing on a slight mound keeping guard over his subjects. He sighted us at about the same time that we saw him. For about sixty seconds he stood and watched us. His was a beautiful figure, silhouetted against the sky. The rising sun cast just enough light on him to make him look like a mass of silver. He stood there with head and ears erect, and with tail and mane waving gently in the breeze. Finally, he gave a sharp snort, and he and his band were off.

The chase then began in earnest. We pursued the outlaws over the hills and through the valleys. Silvermane brought up the rear; and every time a horse lagged, he would nip him. With some good luck on our side, we chased them into a blind canyon, and immediately blocked the entrance. After the horses had found out that there was no way for them to escape, they settled down at the opposite end of the canyon, the very happening we had been waiting for. As soon as the signal had been given, we opened fire. After firing three volleys into them, and then waiting till the smoke had cleared away, we saw, to our astonishment, that Silvermane and one young horse were the only survivors.

Silvermane then made a dash for freedom. And when he was within thirty feet of the entrance, he wheeled suddenly and raced across the

canyon. There he stood, a defeated monarch, but still willing to fight to the end regardless of all odds. As I looked around, I saw one of the ranchers draw a bead on Silvermane. I shouted to him just before his finger tightened on the trigger. To the amazement of the ranchers I pleaded for Silvermane's life. To their many questions I replied that I was going to try to break him.

I then took my lariat from off my saddle and rode toward Silvermane. When I was within forty feet of him, I let go of my lasso; but he was too quick for me. Again and again I tried. Finally I succeeded in getting my lasso around his neck. Then the race began, for I was afraid to draw on the lariat, since to do so might hurt him seriously. I spurred my horse on mile after mile, till finally Silvermane slowed down. Presently he came to a stop. He then turned and watched me, a broken king, but still unbroken in spirit. I spoke very softly to him as I approached nearer. He stood his ground, and not a muscle quivered. After I had talked to him about fifteen minutes, I started to lead him towards home.

After I got him home, then came the greatest battle, the battle of breaking him. After I had tied him securely, I put a saddle blanket and saddle on him. All of the time that I was doing this, I was speaking to him. After I had these two things on him, I bridled him and let him stand for half an hour to get accustomed to his new harness. Then I proceeded to mount him.

I had placed but one foot into the stirrup, when he started to buck. When he saw that he could not dislodge me by bucking, he tried sun-fishing. As any rancher or cowboy knows the sensation that one gets when a horse sun-fishes, it is useless for me to describe my feelings. When Silvermane realized that he could not throw me, he settled down to a steady run. When he had exhausted himself, he stopped and turned his head and looked at me, as much as to say, "you win." Two months after this he was eating oats out of my hand. Today he comes at my whistle.

—Robert Schwartz, '30.

Assistant—"I couldn't find the leak on the eighth floor."

Janitor—"Why didn't you look on the seventh floor?"

Assistant—"Oh, that's a different story." —Blue and Gold.

Lookout What's Here

Some of St. Joe's students desire to make several requests of dear old Santa Claus, so to aid these believing and presumptuous innocents, we are publishing a few of the many letters written to Santa by these students.

Dear Santa,

Please bring me a new dress for my doll, for the old dress is nearly worn out. And, Santa, don't bring Brother William a new bell until I have quit these renowned walls of sleep. Thanking you for past favors, I remain,

Yours truly,

GEORGE MARTIN KENNEY.

My Dear Santa,

Someone attempted to convince me that you are only a bluff, but I did not believe him; so won't you bring me a new book on "Rubrics" for Xmas?

Sacristanially yours,

ERNEST GALLAGHER.

Dearest Santa,

My lack of a manly beard has caused me many embarrassing moments during the past year. All I ask of you is that you explain to me how, when, and where you raised your whiskers.

Your admirer,

PAUL RUSSELL.

Dear Santa,

All I ask for Xmas is a copy of the book written by Dan Brown, entitled "How to Get Your Name in the Cheer"; and also bring me a box of beauty clay for Dan.

Lovingly yours,

JOSEPH WITTKOFSKI.

Dear Mr. Santa Claus,

I have outgrown my toys of last year, and if I am to amuse myself as other children do, it will be almost necessary that you bring me an electric train, a set of tinkertoys, and a whole lot of marbles.

Your little friend,

AUGUST ZUMBERGE.

Dear Santa,

Can you give me a complete set of oversized dishes for my row? And, please Santa, give me at least two assistant waiters to take care of the insatiable appetite of one Mr. Abrahamson.

Waitingly yours,

JOHN (TUBBY) KRAUS.

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GRUMPY—CLASSIC PRODUCTION

(Continued from page one)

And, with the undaunted determination of a Columbus guiding them forward and upward, success will ever crown their efforts.

The play "Grumpy" has its name from the leading character, Mr. Andrew Bullivant, lovingly called "Grumpy" by his granddaughter, Virginia. As played by Paul A. Walters, the role of "Grumpy" approached almost the ideal. So admirably, indeed, did "Grumpy" play his part that he held the key to the hearts of the audience; that he was master of the evening; that the authors themselves would have rejoiced to see their work so capably interpreted; that not a few professional actors of today could have departed from Alumni Hall with many a practical pointer tucked away for future reference. "Grumpy," of course, to be fully enjoyed has to be witnessed. In brief, the description of his soul-gripping powers laughs the pen to scorn.

With all "Grumpy's" wonderful powers, however, one must readily realize that just as every detail, large no more than small, in a masterpiece of painting is needed to make the work an artistic whole, so every character from "Grumpy" to the lowest servant is needed to make the play "Grumpy" an artistic whole. "Grumpy" possessed a two-sided personality, which is best described by saying that one moment he was all smiles, the next moment

smileless, to say the least. On the one hand, "Grumpy" had as his constant companions, Ernest, Jinny, and Ruddock, who nursed his smiling disposition; while, on the other hand, there were Susan, Merridew, with Dr. and Jimmy Maclaren who were ever ready to arouse his smileless moments. Then, to add to the senile old man's troubles, there were Jarvis, Wolfe, Keble, and Dawson who cleverly laid the mystery plot. All in all, each of these characters starred in his role, and in justice each deserves further consideration. However, it must suffice to give each a passing mention in the list of characters that follow:

CAST

Mr. Andrew Bullivant (Grumpy)	Paul Walters
Mr. Ernest Heron	Fred Westendorf
Ruddock	Kenneth Hans
Mr. Jarvis	Joseph Scharrer
Mr. Isaac Wolfe	Cletus Gates
Dr. Maclaren	Gregory Gobel
James Maclaren, his son	
	William Stecker
Keble	Martin Kenney
Merridew	Alfred Zanolar
Dawson	Francis Fleming
Virginia Bullivant	Blase Brown
Susan	Paul Galliger

Appropriate music for the occasion was furnished by the orchestra. To say that this music was excellent and highly appreciated by everyone is to put it but mildly. The following are the numbers that were presented, one before each act of the play:

1. Stars and Stripes—March—Sousa
2. Tancred —Overture— Rossini
3. La Czarine—Mazurka— Ganne
4. March from Athalia—Mendelsshon

Prof.—"When do the leaves begin to turn?"

Burns—"The night before exams."

Koehn—"I hardly know what to do with my week end."

Gollner—"Why don't you put a hat on it?"

ICE CREAM

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LUNCH

CANDY

Wright Brothers

TOBACCO

"THE SCOUT MASTER" PLEASES

(Continued from Page 1).

improvement in this entertainment over the previous entertainments of the year.

PROGRAM.

Introductory Address....Michael Walz
Newman and Reunion (Inaugural Address) Thomas Corcoran

"The Scout Master."

A comedy drama in three acts, by
Walter Ben Hare.

Cast.

Billy Piper, a boy tramp..... Michael Walz

Mr. Meredith, the Scout Master.... John Neff

Simon Trimmer, a crooked lawyer Sylvester Moebs

Gap Rinkle, owner of the Eagle Hotel Lamont Hoyng

Issacher Trip, the old timer..... Edward Burns

Rooster Jackson, a black man-of-no-work Othmar Missler

Freddy Nutter, an adopted son.... Joseph Schill

Slivers Hammerhead, fond of dime novels Andrew Pollack

Teddy Sullivan, the patrol leader Charles Johns

Hefty Mull, a bad man..... Paul Farley

Boy Scouts—Henry Abela, Henry Barge, Cornelius Flynn, Frederick Koch, Francis Matthews, Roman Missler, Edmund Guillozet, Herbert Linenberger, and John Modrian.

Musical Numbers.

Invincible K. L. King

The Night Riders Will Huff

Selection from "Prince Charming" K. L. King

of last month. Now that the Wag has made its initial appearance of the scholastic year, we feel and hope that success will crown the efforts of its editors, who, indeed, did very commendable work in the first issue of the present volume.

The Black and Red is very, very interesting, and the exchange editor of the Cheer deeply regrets that on account of a deficiency in his knowledge of German he is not able to enjoy the articles in that language which appear in every issue of the Black and Red. Every section of this paper is worthy of special attention and we feel very fortunate to have this publication numbered among our exchanges.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: Shreveport Hi-Lite, The Spotlite, The Wag, The Echo, The Burr, The Carroll News, The Campionette, Gonzaga Bulletin, The Chronicle, The Brown and White, The Periscope, The Centric, The Black and Red, The Red and Black, Blue and Gold, Varsity News, Co-Ed Leader, The Recorder, The Tech High Rainbow, The Hour Glass, The Rensselaerien, The Purple and White, The Cee-Ay, The Prospector, The Bell, St. Bede Records, Loyola News, The H. C. C. Journal, Denison Hi Buzz, The Herald, The Martian, De Paulia, Notre Dame News, The N. H. S. Echoes, The Mother Seton Journal, High School News, Red and Blue, and F. H. S. Spirit.

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PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE CLASS OF '26

CRACKS AND CRACKERS
By WOOFIE GOOFIE

Neighbor—"Was your son home
for the holidays?"

Father—"Well, if he wasn't, some-
body else borrowed the car during
Christmas week."

Mother—"Alfred, where is the
cow?"

Alfred—"I can't get her home;
she's by the railroad track flirting
with the tobacco sign."

Foltz—"Know what the height of
embarrassment is?"

Fecher—"I'll bite."

Foltz—"A parachute jumper giving
an exhibition and the parachute
fails to open."

One—"I've got a wonderful radio
set. Picked up six different stations
in one evening."

Two—"That's nothing. My radio
can get six stations at once."

OUT OF THE DIM PAST.

"Be careful, Chester, how you
handle those kittens. Don't hurt
them."

"Oh, it's all right; I just picked
them up by their stems."

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First Cat—"I'd give my life for
you, dear."

Second Cat—"Cheap skate. I want
all nine or none."

"I want a can of consecrated lye."

"You mean concentrated lye."

"It does nutmeg any difference.
That is what I camphor. What
does it sulphur?"

"I never cinnamon with so much
wit."

"Don't get sodium smart. One
more word and I will amonia."

Mr. Henpeck—"Is my wife going
out?"

Maid—"Yessir."

Mr. Henpeck—"Do you know if
I'm going with her?"

Jasinski—"I know a woman who
took a man's name in vain."

Jedacek—"How's that?"

Jasinski—"Well, she got married
and then got a divorce."

Bishop—"My dog took first prize
at a cat show."

Cardinali—"How did that hap-
pen?"

Bishop—"He took the cat."

C. L. S. CHRISTMAS PROGRAM—

(Continued from Page 1)

of Joseph Norton, while Ferdinand Evans, the villain, carries the role of Herbert Vanderslice.

A debate of twenty minutes between Edward Siegman, the affirmative, and Cletus Foltz, the negative, will constitute the second episode. The topic of this debate, since it treats of the all-embracing topic of radio, must needs be of interest to everyone.

Following the debate, a bright episode is ushered in. At least, it promises to have the brightness of night for it is called "MOONSHINE." Albert Frericks, the Moonshiner, appears as Luke Hazy, which no doubt he does most of the time, while Charles Daele, a Revenue Officer, opposes Luke's "Haziness" on more occasions than one.

The fourth episode, entitled "THE ORDER OF THE BOILED OWL," brings the program to a grand finale. This performance is surnamed "A Blackface Travesty, in Three Spasmodic Scenes." That it will be spasmodic may be gleaned from the names of the blackface characters: Hooten Screech—the Big Hoo-Hoo—Salt N. Pepper, Pete Roleum, Jinx Kibosh, Al A. Bie, Tossup Bones, Scoop M. Inn, Hickry Nut, Heekin Lysom, Willie Grow, Noah Lott, and a Confederate. The three scenes are laid in a lodge room, and the time, "now as well as any." All in all, this travesty promises fair to draw from the audience many a mirthful laugh.

While this program, as was al-

ready noted, does not presume to give to the public a performance equal in merit to that of "Grumpy," yet the same undaunted spirit that made "Grumpy" a classic production is still guiding the Columbians, and is even now causing them to put forth their best efforts.

THREE DAY RETREAT.

(Continued from Page 1)

day was, as is usual, exceptionally quiet, but this year silence was, for the most part, well observed throughout the three days. All who made the retreat seemed determined to profit by it. Judging from their conduct during the weeks that followed, it would really seem that they are trying to put in effect at least a few of the well-made resolves which they formed during these days of special grace. There is much good reason to hope that the majority of the students will persevere in the resolutions they have made.

The retreat ended on the evening of the second of December with the Papal Blessing.

THE DAYTON CONVENTION—AN IMPRESSION.

(Continued from Page 3)

the Crusade is again in need of a demonstration of enthusiasm to give new momentum to its grand endeavors, it can easily supply that need by holding a general convention. There new plans will be laid, ideas expressed and worked out, and enthusiasm can be stored up to give new force to the Crusade.

—Edward Siegman, '28.

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"FORLORN RIVER"

If there had been no cattle rustlers, the world would have been deprived of numerous western novels and movies. The "Forlorn River" happens to be one of that group of movies which center on the deeds of cattle rustlers and of their leader. The students of St. Joe were seemingly well pleased to view this movie, as a substitute for a town day, on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day. Again we thank cattle rustlers for furnishing many interesting plots for the present day novelist and scenario writers.

Henry Alig, Secretary of the Graduating Class and one of the most popular members of the Fourth Year, is convalescing after an operation which he underwent a short time ago. We of the Fourth Class feel Heinie's absence very keenly, and we sincerely trust that he will be back in the ranks of the Fourths very shortly.

Bachelor—"I suppose the hired girl does all the heavy work in your house."

Newly-wed—"Not at all; my wife makes the biscuits, pies, and puddings."

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